

1926 Non-Fiction

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AN INQUIRER IN ITALY
by Charles Bonnefon
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Turin. — A sidewalk artist is drawing Mussolini's portrait with chalk upon the pavement. Across the street are two white posters. One, put up by the combatant Fascisti, ascribes a crazy Irishwoman's attempt to assassinate Mussolini to 'foreign hatred of our proud leader.' The other, which is much more interesting, is signed by the Fascist labor unions, and ends with, 'Long live the Fascist revolution!'

What does 'Fascist revolution' mean?
I can see that this question worries employers. Mussolini has declared: "We shall have no more strikes and lockouts in Italy. I forbid them. I shall substitute mutual agreements between workers and employers for all this wrangling." When some workers' unions and employers' unions protested, he bade them obey on pain of immediate dissolution.

Yesterday a great Italian industrialist at Milan said to me: 'We've got rid of our talkers. We shall not let them paralyze our financial reforms and industrial energies again. The Italian people have been regenerated. Our neighbors will soon discover that.'

This is the language of after-dinner speeches. I am not yet ready to take it at face value. But Turin seems very much alive this Sunday morning. The streets are crowded with people who seem to be prosperous and happy. A great many soldiers and officers in tidy light-green uniforms are strolling about — young, beardless fellows, gentlemanly and not arrogant. On almost every wall you see the word Vittoria, and posters showing a terrifying infantryman hurling grenades into the midst of different cataclysms. Truly the incense of victory is in the air. The Italians are perhaps the only people in Europe to-day who feel that they have really got something out of the war. Call it what you may, it is a wonderful state of mind.

Nevertheless, the cost of living is horribly high — at the very least one third more than it is in France, without taking account of the difference in the exchange, which is in favor of the lira. A ten-minute ride in a taxicab costs a dozen lire, or fifteen francs; a very simple dinner in a dining-car twenty-seven lire, or thirty-two francs. At Turin I left two small valises in the station parcel room — charge, four lire, ten centesimi. But the Sunday crowd is comfortably, even elegantly, dressed. It besieges the restaurants, where one

hears mediocre orchestras. Everybody looks well fed and contented. And it was the same at Milan, where a regular torrent of humanity flows under the electric lights — that are almost too numerous. In the Cathedral Square everybody buys the *Corriere della Sera*, although each number costs thirty centesimi. A thrill of spring is in the air, and the great crowd is obviously happy and supremely satisfied with itself. Both Milan and Turin are bathed in light of an evening, for Italy's water powers have made electricity cheap, and the faces of the people reflect their radiance. I recall the same look of triumphant exaltation, the same keen consciousness of standing on the pinnacle of the world, on the faces of the people of Berlin before the war.

I have talked with a leading Italian manufacturer here in Rome. His version of the situation is in substance: Italy is a poor country. A great majority of her people own no property. They are not accustomed to exercising authority. They do not possess the will power or the discipline which are the heritage of the citizens of countries that have enjoyed democratic institutions for generations. Consequently, when we gave them universal suffrage we found ourselves at the mercy of an emotional, uneducated mob. Thanks to Mussolini, our error has been rectified. He has taught the people the gospel that they must produce in order to be prosperous and happy, and that they must be prosperous and happy in order that the nation may be strong and powerful. . . .

Mussolini did this by rallying to his

banner young war veterans indignant at the flouting of authority and the growing disorganization of the country, and the middle and upper classes, who were alarmed by the continual rioting and striking among the workers. He substituted for the old régime a dictatorship of three hundred thousand legionaries commanded by consuls, tribunes, and centurions, under his personal orders. He crushed the Socialists, marched on Rome, and imposed his terms on the King. Parliament obeyed him because it thought his new, and in their eyes absurd, régime would last but a few days.

Since then Mussolini has continued his antidemocratic policy, though not without some hesitation. Through his decrees he has stripped Parliament of the shadow of power it still retained. He has abolished freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, and the right to strike. He has concentrated all authority in his own hands. He has abolished the Socialist trade-unions and ridicules their helpless leaders. But he pursues these strong-arm tactics with great subtleness. When the workers protested against his measures, he assured them that they would be represented and listened to in the Grand Council of the Fascisti. When employers balked at seeing their business placed at the mercy of a single man, he calmed them by threats and by benefits. He said to the great employers' unions: 'Obey, or I will disband you.' But before he said that, he had loaded them with favors. He next proceeded to dissolve the chambers of commerce, to unify the banks of issue, to concentrate the economic control of the whole nation in

his own hands. L'état c'est moi!

In the schools the pupils hear of nothing but Italy's glorious past and still more magnificent destiny. Every afternoon they stroll in bands through the ruins of the Forum, recalling the grandeur of the Roman Empire. They are taught to regard the Mediterranean as a Roman lake. Light, order, beauty, are inscribed in the harmonious lines of their churches and palaces. They aspire to reproduce these qualities in their social and political life, with all the ardor and the love of luxury and power that are begotten by their very poverty, and are part of their inborn Italian temperament. These vivid imaginings are never sobered by the press or by public speakers. A fever of patriotic enthusiasm and a glow of gigantic hopes has seized the nation, since Mussolini's magic touch has converted the memories of a great past, ever lurking in the background of the national mind, into something vivid, present, and actual. In a word, if twenty per cent of the Italians are Fascisti, eighty per cent are Mussolinisti. They worship the man who has given them faith in themselves and in their country.

Their leader never misses the mark, because he knows so well how to play upon the heartstrings of his people. After restoring order and prosperity in the North, he turned toward the South, which has always considered itself the neglected part of Italy, appropriated large sums for public improvements there, and secured special favors for its agricultural products through commercial treaties. Now Naples, which hated

him at first, worships him as a demigod.

Last of all, in order to give the capital of his future empire a fitting home, Mussolini abolished the mayorality of Rome and put a prefect of his own appointing in charge of the city. But with the characteristic tact that always accompanies his arbitrary acts, it was the former mayor upon whom he conferred this new office. Thereupon he proposed a series of grandiose improvements. Broad new boulevards are to be laid out; the ancient monuments of Rome are to be disencumbered of their surrounding buildings and given an appropriate setting; the neighboring marshes are to be drained and a great bathing beach provided for the city. Different sections of Rome are to be reconstructed in distinct styles. There will be an Etruscan quarter, a Roman quarter, a Renaissance quarter. When the old mayor, somewhat appalled by the grandeur of this programme, asked with some hesitation, 'But where am I to get the money?' Mussolini answered, 'Don't let that worry you. When you need it I'll have it.' And similar plans have been made for

Is this but frivolous megalomania? So far we have no reason to think so, because hitherto Mussolini has succeeded in doing what he set out to do. Within three years, with the skillful assistance of M. di Stefani, he has converted a budget deficit into a surplus, increased the appropriations for agriculture, borrowed money in the United States, and reorganized the nation's finances on a saner and safer basis. Mussolini takes a personal hand in

these operations. He decided what was to be done with the money from America, assigning it to the industries that were most important for a national revival — particularly to hydroelectric development.

And the man himself? A strong-willed chin and a beetling brow, but not as exaggerated as some pictures suggest. But what impressed me most in his mask of comedy and tragedy were his eyes and his mouth. His eyes are as black as ink, with a metallic glitter — the insupportable eyes of a hypnotist that see right through you, that flash and fade, that shine and dim, with the strange, searching stare of a lighthouse, whose rays never change color but dart a succession of signals through the air. And the mouth, delicate but irregular, always partly open, showing the white, even teeth, and never in repose. It twists, lengthens, shortens, purses, smiles, expressing like a mirror all the contractions and contradictions of a willful nature, tumultuous, sometimes enthusiastic, occasionally fatigued. Even more expressive is the man's attitude. Sometimes he shrinks back into his armchair like a very little thing, only to spring to his feet a moment later with a violent and intimidating gesture. In beginning a conversation that he thinks may be tiresome or disagreeable, he drops his words nonchalantly with the detachment of a man indifferent to everything and spoiled by fortune. His clear intonations are like the rippling of a brook. But if you chance to touch upon a topic that really interests him, he immediately becomes intense, eager, finding even in French the striking, racy word to ex-

press his thought, and throwing off the mask of a diplomat to show himself a creative patriot.

Mussolini's foreign policy is founded on the idea of equilibrium. He believes that it will take all Latin Europe to counterbalance Teutonic Europe, and that the Continent will not enjoy true peace until this stable balance has been established. It is in the light of these ideas that we must interpret his public pronouncements. *Mare nostrum*! Mussolini does not mean by this transforming the Mediterranean into an Italian lake by the wave of a magic wand that he does not possess. But he rules a country 'bathed in that sea by eight thousand kilometres of coast,' and he naturally seeks to draw the nation's attention to its interests on these waters and to the expansion of Italy's commerce. English, French, Spaniards, and Greeks, as well as the Italians, already have a foothold in the Mediterranean. Mussolini has never conceived the foolish dream of driving them from its waters. But the Romans have almost forgotten the sea that lies only a few miles from their doors. Mussolini wishes to recall it to their attention. That is why he is building an electric line to the beach, so that sixty thousand Romans may spend their Sundays there.

Another of his statements that has been sadly misinterpreted is his prediction, '1926 will be the year of Fascism, the Napoleonic year.' That is not a prophecy of war. Rather it means that during the present year Mussolini plans to carry out his great Fascist reforms. At home the penal, civil, and commer-

cial codes are to be revised. He remarked recently to an intimate friend, 'Did n't Montesquieu say that no written code ought to last more than twenty-five years?' But there are other and broader problems facing Italy which he has primarily in mind. We have all been impoverished by the war. It is no time for the Byzantine quarrels and wordy debates in which we may harmlessly indulge during periods of prosperity. Above all, a poor country like Italy cannot enjoy such luxuries; it must have the most simple, economical, and efficient political machinery that can be contrived. Mussolini is trying to provide such machinery by making the Executive supreme and Parliament a merely advisory body, and by creating what he calls the Corporate State. There are to be henceforth fourteen of these corporations — six of workers, six of employers, one of the liberal professions, and one of the artists. These corporations are to embrace all the productive agencies of the nation, from the bank to the pushcart, and from the factory to the cobbler's bench. They are all to be Fascist. A regulatory organ, the Grand Fascist Council, in which all these corporations are represented, is to codrdinate their activities. A Ministry of Corporations has been established, in charge of Mussolini himself, to settle directly industrial disputes and to execute great social-welfare enterprises, financed by levies upon workers and employers alike. These welfare enterprises embrace extensive housing projects, hospitals, athletic fields, travel clubs, artisans' training schools, and the like.

But Mussolini, 'a peasant and a

peasant's son,' as he has called himself, a little incorrectly perhaps, is primarily interested in agriculture. He wants to stop the flow of population from village to city at any cost. He has declared in one of his speeches, ' We must make the wholesome and natural charms of the country stronger than the evil and artificial charms of the towns.' He points out that every village has its priest to care for its spiritual welfare, and its physician and its pharmacist to care for its physical health, but that it has no 'physician for the land.' So he proposes that every rural community shall have an official whose exclusive duty shall be to teach the peasants what it is most useful that they should know — how to select fertilizers, what crops to plant, what machinery to use. Mussolini, supported by the lessons of his own army experience, considers the peasant the nation's best soldier — braver, more enduring, and less liable to loss of morale, than the industrial worker. He has called him the backbone of the country, and he intends that his interests shall be the first concern of the Government. He exclaimed with a flash in his eyes, 'Ah, what a great country France would have been if she had succeeded in keeping her peasants!'

Mussolini has succeeded in restoring confidence in the business world without materially reducing taxes, although he has greatly simplified their collection. The total taxes on corporations still amount to sixty-four per cent of their dividends, as compared with forty-six per cent before the war. It is the atmosphere of confidence, the sentiment of security, which the Fascist

Government has created that has revived Italy's industry. Businessenterprises have been encouraged to enlarge. But we must not exaggerate. Fascism has performed no miracle in itself. It has simply favored a development that had been long preparing — even before the war. In 1914 Italy had less than three thousand corporations, with a nominal capital of five billion lire. In 1925 it had nearly eleven thousand corporations with a nominal capital of thirty-five billion lire, of which twelve billion lire is the creation of the last two years. But notwithstanding this great industrial development, Italy's coal consumption is the same to-day that it was eleven years ago. Hydroelectric power and oil make up the difference. The country's exports of automobiles rose from fifteen thousand in 1924 to twenty-five thousand last year. Since the war the most progress has been made by the chemical and the metallurgical and engineering industries, and in the latter Italy has entirely emancipated herself from her old dependence upon Germany. A large manufacturer, in commenting upon this, added with a smile: 'Of course, we cannot expect this to continue forever. We shall have our lean years after our fat years. We expect keener competition from Germany. Nevertheless we are not worried, because we are confident that we can earn profits no matter what happens, and that our Government will take care of us.'

What does this mean? In 1920 Italy had twenty-eight hundred strikes, involving more than two million workers. Three years later the number of strikes had fallen to two hundred and one, in-

volving sixty-six thousand workers. But in 1924 there was a slight reaction. The cost of living rose and the working classes grew discontented, so that a slight increase occurred in the number of strikes and wages began to fall. Thereupon Mussolini promptly intervened and persuaded the employers to cease cutting down the pay of their men. Unemployment is virtually nonexistent. On the other hand, Italy is still hampered by lack of raw materials, by insufficient credit, and by an inadequate circulating medium, and naturally feels the depressing influence of these conditions in her exchange.

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PSYCHOLOGY AND POLITICS

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

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WANT to discuss in this article the kind of effects which psychology may, before long, come to have upon politics. I propose to speak both of the good effects that are possible, and of the bad effects that are probable.

Political opinions are not based upon reason. Even so technical a matter as the resumption of the gold standard was determined mainly by sentiment, and according to the psycho-analysts, the sentiment in question is one which cannot be mentioned in polite society. Now the sentiments of an adult are compounded of a kernel of instinct surrounded by a vast husk of education. One way in which education works is through influencing imagination. Everybody wants to see himself as a fine fellow, and therefore both his efforts and his delusions are influenced by what he considers the best possible in the way of achievement. I think the study of psychology may alter our conception of a "fine fellow" ; if so, obviously its effect upon politics will be profound. I doubt whether any one who had learnt modern psychology in youth could be quite like the late Lord Curzon or the present Bishop of London. With regard to any science, there are two kinds of effects which it may have. On the one hand, experts may make inventions or

discoveries which can be utilized by the holders of power. On the other hand, the science may influence imagination, and so alter people's analogies and expectations. There is, strictly speaking, a third kind of effect, namely a change in manner of life with all its consequences. In the case of physical science, all three classes of effects are, by this time, clearly developed. The first is illustrated

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by aeroplanes, the second by the mechanistic outlook on life, the third by the substitution, in a large part of the population, of industry and urban life for agriculture and the country. In the case of psychology, we still have to depend upon prophecy as regards most of its effects. Prophecy is always rash, but is more so as regards effects of the first and third kinds than as regards those which depend upon a change of imaginative outlook. I shall, therefore, speak first and chiefly about effects of this kind.

A few words about other periods of history may help to give the atmosphere. In the Middle Ages, every political question was determined by theological arguments, which took the form of analogies. The dominant controversy was between the Pope and the Emperor: it became recognized that the Pope was the Sun and the Emperor was the Moon, so the Pope won. It would be a mistake to argue that the Pope won because he had better armies; he owed his armies to the persuasive power of the Sun-and-Moon analogy, as set forth by Franciscan friars acting as recruiting sergeants. This is the kind of thing that really moves masses of men and decides important events. In the present age, some people think society is a machine and some think it is a tree. The former are Fascisti, imperialists, industrialists, Bolsheviki; the latter constitutionalists, agrarians, or pacifists. The argument is just as absurd as that of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, since society is in fact neither a machine nor a tree.

With the renaissance, we come to a new influence, the influence of literature, especially classical literature. This continues to our own day, more particularly among those who go to the public schools and the older universities. When Professor Gilbert Murray has to make up his mind on a political question, one feels that his first reaction is to ask himself, "What would Euripides have said about it?" But this outlook is no longer dominant in the world. It was dominant in the renaissance, and in the eighteenth century, down to and including the French Revolution. Revolutionary orators constantly appealed to shining examples of Roman virtue, and liked to conceive themselves in togas. Books such as Montesquieu and Rousseau had an influence far surpassing what any book can have now. One may say that the American Constitution

is what Montesquieu imagined the British Constitution to be. I am not enough of a jurist to trace the influence which admiration of Rome exercised upon the Code Napoléon.

With the industrial revolution, we pass to a new era—the era of physics. Men of science, especially Galileo and Newton, had prepared the way for this era, but what brought it to birth was the embodiment of science in economic technique. A machine is a very peculiar object: it works according to known scientific laws (otherwise it would not be constructed) for a definite purpose lying outside itself, and having to do with man, usually with man's physical life. Its relation to man is exactly that which the world had to God in the Calvinist theology; perhaps that is why industrialism was invented by Protestants, and by non-conformists rather than anglicans. The machine-analogy has had a profound effect upon our thought. We speak of a "mechanical" view of the world, a "mechanical" explanation, and so on, meaning, nominally, an explanation in terms of physical laws, but introducing, perhaps unconsciously, the teleological aspect of a machine, namely, its devotion to an end outside itself. So, if society is a machine, we think that it has a purpose of an external sort. We are no longer content to say that it exists for the glory of God, but it is easy to find synonyms for God, such as: the Bank of England, the British Empire, the Standard Oil Company, the Communist Party, et cetera. Our wars are conflicts between these synonyms—it is the mediaeval sun-and-moon business over again.

The power of physics has been due to the fact that it is a very definite science, which has profoundly altered daily life. But this alteration has proceeded by operating on the environment, not on man himself. Given a science equally definite, and capable of altering man directly, physics would be put in the shade. This is what psychology may become. Until recent times, psychology was unimportant philosophical verbiage—the academic stuff that I learnt in youth was not worth learning. But now there are two ways of approaching psychology which are obviously important: one that of the physiologists, the other that of psycho-analysis. As the results in these two directions become more definite and more certain, it is clear that psychology will increasingly dominate men's outlook.

Let us take Education as a case in point. In old days, the

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received view was that education should begin at about eight years old, with the learning of Latin declensions; what happened before that was regarded as unimportant. This view, in essence, seems to be still dominant in the Labour Party, which, when in

office, took much more interest in improving education after fourteen than in providing nursery schools for infants. With concentration on late education there goes a certain pessimism as to its powers: it is thought that all it can really do is to fit a man for earning a living. But one finds that the scientific tendency is to attribute far more power to education than was formerly done, only it must begin very early. Psycho-analysts would begin at birth; biologists would begin even sooner. You can educate a fish to have one eye in the middle, instead of two eyes, one on either side (Jennings, *Prometheus*, page 60). But to do this you have to begin long before the fish is born. So far, there are difficulties in the way of pre-natal mammalian education, but probably they will be overcome.

But, you will say, you are using "education" in a very funny sense. What is there in common between distorting a fish and teaching a boy Latin Grammar? I must say they seem to me very similar: both are wanton injuries inflicted for the pleasure of the experimenter. However, this would perhaps hardly do as a definition of education. The essence of education is that it is a change (other than death) effected in an organism to satisfy the desires of the operator. Of course the operator says that his desire is to improve the pupil, but this statement does not represent any objectively verifiable fact.

Now there are many ways of altering an organism. You may change its anatomy, as in the fish that has lost an eye, or the man that has lost an appendix. You may alter its metabolism, for instance by drugs. You may alter its habits by creating associations. Ordinary instruction is a particular case of this last. Now everything in education, with the exception of instruction, is easier when the organism is very young, because then it is malleable. In human beings, the important time for education is from conception to the end of the fourth year. But, as I said before, pre-natal education is not yet possible, though it probably will be before the end of this century.

There are two principal methods of early education: one is by chemicals, the other by suggestion. When I say "chemicals," perhaps I shall be thought unduly materialistic. But no one would have thought so if I had said, "of course a careful mother will provide the infant with the most wholesome diet available," which is only a longer way of saying the same thing. However, I am concerned with possibilities that are more or less sensational. It may be found that the addition of suitable drugs to the diet, or the injection of the right substances into the blood, will increase intelligence or alter the emotional nature. Everyone knows of the

connexion of idiocy with lack of iodine. Perhaps we shall find that intelligent men are those who, in infancy, got small quantities of some rare compound accidentally in their diet, owing to lack of cleanliness in the pots and pans. Or perhaps the mother's diet during pregnancy will turn out to be the decisive factor. I know nothing about this whole subject; I merely observe that we know much more about the education of salamanders than about that of human beings, chiefly because we do not imagine that salamanders have souls.

The psychological side of early education cannot well begin before birth, because it is chiefly concerned with habit-formation, and habits acquired before birth are useless afterwards, for the most part. But I think there is no doubt of the enormous influence of the early years in forming character. There is a certain opposition, to my mind quite unnecessary, between those who believe in dealing with the mind through the body, and those who believe in dealing with it directly. The old-fashioned medical man, though an earnest Christian, tends to be a materialist; he thinks that mental states have physical causes, and should be cured by removing those causes. The psycho-analyst, on the contrary, always seeks for psychological causes, and tries to operate upon them. This whole thing hangs together with the mind-and-matter dualism, which I regard as a mistake. Sometimes it is easier to discover the sort of antecedent we call physical; sometimes the sort we call psychological is easier to discover. But I should suppose that both always exist, and that it is rational to operate through the one most easily discoverable in the particular case. There is no inconsistency in treating one case by administering iodine, and another by curing a phobia.

When we try to take a psychological view of politics, it is natural to begin by looking for the fundamental impulses of ordinary human beings, and the ways in which they can be developed by the environment. The orthodox economists of a hundred years ago thought that acquisitiveness was the only motive the politician need take account of; this view was adopted by Marx, and formed the basis of his economic interpretation of history. It derives naturally from physics and industrialism: it is the outcome of the imaginative domination of physics in our time. It is now held by capitalists and communists, and by all respectable persons, such as The Times and the magistrates, both of whom express utter amazement when young women sacrifice their earnings to marry men on the dole. The received view is that happiness is proportional to income, and that a rich old maid must be happier than a poor married woman. In order to make this true, we do all we can to

inflict misery upon the latter.

As against orthodoxy and Marxianism, the psycho-analysts say that the one fundamental human impulse is sex. Acquisitiveness, they say, is a morbid development of a certain sexual perversion. It is obvious that people who believe this will act quite differently from people who take the economic view. Everybody except certain pathological cases wishes to be happy, but most people accept some current theory as to what constitutes happiness. If people think wealth constitutes happiness, they will not act as they will if they think sex the essential thing. I do not think either view quite true, but I certainly think the latter the less harmful. What does emerge is the importance of a right theory as to what constitutes happiness. In such important acts as choosing a career, a man is greatly influenced by theory. If a wrong theory prevails, successful men will be unhappy, but will not know why. This fills them with rage, which leads them to desire the slaughter of younger men, whom they envy unconsciously. Most modern politics, while nominally based on economics, is really due to rage caused by lack of instinctive satisfaction; and this lack, in turn, is largely due to false popular psychology.

I do not think that sex covers the ground. In politics, especially, sex is chiefly important when thwarted. In the war, elderly spinsters developed a ferocity partly attributable to their indignation with young men for having neglected them. They are still abnormally bellicose. I remember soon after the armistice crossing Saltash Bridge in the train, and seeing many battleships anchored below. Two elderly spinsters in the carriage turned to each other and murmured: "Isn't it sad to see them all lying idle?" But sex satisfied ceases to influence politics much. I should say that both hunger and thirst count for more politically. Parenthood is immensely important, because of the importance of the family; Rivers even suggested that it is the source of private property. But parenthood must not be confounded with sex.

In addition to the impulses which serve for the preservation and propagation of life, there are others concerned with what may be called Glory: love of power, vanity, and rivalry. These obviously play a very great part in politics. If politics is ever to allow of a tolerable life, these glory-impulses must be tamed and taught to take no more than their proper place.

Our fundamental impulses are neither good nor bad: they are ethically neutral. Education should aim at making them take forms that are good. The old method, still beloved by Christians, was to thwart instinct; the new method is to train it. Take love of power: it is useless to preach Christian humility, which merely

makes the impulse take hypocritical forms. What you have to do is to provide beneficent outlets for it. The original native impulse can be satisfied in a thousand ways—oppression, politics, business, art, science, all satisfy it when successfully practised. A man will choose the outlet for his love of power that corresponds with his skill; according to the type of skill given him in youth, he will choose one occupation or another. The purpose of our public schools is to teach the technique of oppression and no other; consequently they produce men who take up the white man's burden. But if these men could do science, many of them might prefer it. Of two activities which a man has mastered, he will generally prefer the more difficult: no chess player will play draughts. In this way, skill may be made to minister to virtue.

As another illustration, take Fear. Rivers enumerates four kinds of reaction to danger, each appropriate in certain circumstances:

- I. Fear and Flight.
- II. Rage and Fight.
- III. Manipulative activity.
- IV. Paralysis.

It is obvious that the third is the best, but it requires the appropriate type of skill. The second is the one praised by militarists, schoolmasters, bishops, et cetera, under the name of "courage." Every governing class aims at producing it in its own members, and producing fear and flight in the subject population. So women were, until our own times, carefully trained to be timorous. And one finds still in Labour an inferiority complex, taking the form of snobbery and social submissiveness.

It is greatly to be feared that psychology will place new weapons in the hands of the holders of power. They will be able to train timidity and docility, and make the mass of men more and more like domestic animals. When I speak of the holders of power, I do not mean only the capitalists—I include all officials, even those of trade-unions and Labour Parties. Every official, every man in a position of authority, wants his followers to be tame: he is indignant if they insist on having their own ideas as to what constitutes their happiness, instead of being grateful for what he is good enough to provide. In the past, the hereditary principle ensured that many of the governing class should be lazy and incompetent, which gave the others a chance. But if the governing class is to be recruited from the most energetic in each generation, who are to rise by their own efforts, the outlook for ordinary mortals is very

black. It is hard to see how, in such a world, anybody can champion the rights of the lazy, i.e., of those who do not want to interfere with other people. It seems that quiet people will have to learn fearlessness and energy in youth if they are to have any chance in a world where all power is the reward of hustling. Perhaps democracy is a passing phase; if so, psychology will serve to rivet the chains on the serfs. This makes it important to secure democracy before the technique of oppression has been perfected. Reverting to the threefold effects of a science which I enumerated at the beginning, it is clear that we cannot guess what use the holders of power will make of psychology, until we know what sort of government we are to have. Psychology, like every other science, will place new weapons in the hands of the authorities, notably the weapons of education and propaganda, both of which may, by a more finished psychological technique, be brought to the point where they will be practically irresistible. If the holders of power desire peace, they will be able to produce a pacific population; if war, a bellicose population. If they desire to generate intelligence, they will get it; if stupidity, they will get that. On this head, therefore, prophecy is quite impossible. As to the effect of psychology upon the imagination, that will probably be of two opposite kinds. On the one hand, there will be a wider acceptance of determinism. Most men now feel uncomfortable about prayers for rain, because of meteorology; but they are not so uncomfortable about prayers for a good heart. If the causes of a good heart were as well known as the causes of rain, this difference would cease. A man who prayed for a good heart instead of calling in the doctor to rid him of bad desires would be branded as a hypocrite, if everybody could become a saint by paying a few guineas to a Harley Street specialist. With the increase of determinism would go, probably, a lessening of effort and a general increase of moral laziness—not that such an effect would be logical. I cannot say whether this would be a gain or a loss, as I do not know whether more good or harm comes from moral effort combined with faulty psychology. On the other hand, there would be an emancipation from materialism, both metaphysical and ethical; emotions would be thought more important if they formed the subject-matter of a generally recognized and practically efficacious science. This effect, I think, would be wholly good, since it would remove the erroneous notions now prevalent as to what constitutes happiness. As to the possible effect of psychology in altering our manner of life through discoveries and inventions, I do not venture upon any forecast, as I cannot see any reason for expecting one sort of

effect rather than another. For example: it may be that the most important effect will be to teach negroes to fight as well as white men, without acquiring any other new merits. Or, conversely, psychology may be used to induce negroes to practice birth-control. These two possibilities would produce very different worlds, and there is no way of guessing whether one or the other or neither will be realized.

Finally: the great practical importance of psychology will come in giving ordinary men and women a more just conception of what constitutes human happiness. If people were genuinely happy, they would not be filled with envy, rage, and destructiveness. Apart from the necessities of life, freedom for sex and parenthood is what is most needed—at least as much in the middle class as among wage-earners. It would be easy, with our present knowledge, to make instinctive happiness almost universal, if we were not thwarted by the malevolent passions of those who have missed happiness and do not want any one else to get it. And if happiness were common, it would preserve itself, because appeals to hatred and fear, which now constitute almost the whole of politics, would fall flat. But if psychological knowledge is wielded by an aristocracy, it will prolong and intensify all the old evils. The world is full of knowledge of all sorts that might bring such happiness as has never existed since man first emerged, but old maladjustments, greed, envy, and religious cruelty, stand in the way. I do not know what the outcome will be, but I think it will be either better or worse than anything the human race has yet known.

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TOTENTANZ

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Prejudices: Fourth Series, by H. L. Mencken

I can think of no great city of this world (putting aside Rio de Janeiro, Sydney and San Francisco) that is set amid scenes of greater natural beauty than New York, by which I mean, of course, Manhattan. Recall Berlin on its dismal plain, Paris and London on their toy rivers, Madrid on its desert, Copenhagen on its swamp, Rome on its ancient sewer and its absurd little hills, and then glance at Manhattan on its narrow and rock-ribbed island, with deep rivers to either side and the wide bay before it. No wonder its early visitors, however much they denounced the Dutch, always paused to praise the scene! Before it grew up, indeed, New York must have been strangely beautiful. But it was the beauty of freshness and unsophistication—in brief, of

youth--and now it is no more. The town today, I think, is quite the ugliest in the world--uglier, even, than Liverpool, Chicago or Berlin. If it were actually beautiful, as London, say, is beautiful, or Munich, or Charleston, or Florence, or even parts of Paris and Washington, then New Yorkers would not be so childishly appreciative of the few so-called beauty spots that it has--for example, Washington Square, Gramercy Park, Fifth avenue and Riverside drive. Washington Square, save for one short row of old houses on the North side, is actually very shabby and ugly--a blot rather than a beauty spot. The trees, year in and year out, have a mangy and sclerotic air; the grass is like stable litter; the tall tower on the South side is ungraceful and preposterous; the memorial arch is dirty and undignified; the whole place looks dingy, frowsy and forlorn. Compare it to Mt. Vernon Square in Baltimore: the difference is that between a charwoman and a grand lady. As for Gramercy Park, it is celebrated only because it is in New York; if it were in Washington or London it would not attract a glance. Fifth avenue, to me, seems to be showy rather than beautiful. What gives it its distinction is simply its spick and span appearance of wealth; it is the only New York street that ever looks well-fed and clean. Riverside drive lacks even so much; it is second-rate from end to end, and especially where it is gaudiest. What absurd and hideous houses, with their brummagem Frenchiness, their pathetic effort to look aristocratic! What bad landscaping! What grotesque monuments! From its heights the rich look down upon the foul scars of the Palisades, as the rich of Fifth avenue and Central Park West look down upon the anemic grass, bare rocks and blowing newspapers of Central Park. Alone among the great cities of the East, New York has never developed a domestic architecture of any charm, or, indeed, of any character at all. There are neighborhoods in Boston, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore and in many lesser cities that have all the dignity and beauty of London, but in New York the brownstone mania of the Nineteenth Century brought down the whole town to one level of depressing ugliness, and since brownstone has gone out there has been no development whatever of indigenous design, but only a naïve copying of models--the sky-scraper from Chicago and the dwelling-house from Paris. Along Fifth avenue, from the Fifty-ninth street corner to the upper end of Central Park, there is not a single house that looks reposeful and habitable. Along Park avenue--but Park avenue, for all its flash of creamy brick, is surely one of the most hideous streets in all the world!

But the life of the city, it must be confessed, is as interesting as its physical aspect is dull. It is, even more than London or Paris, the modern Babylon, and since 1914 it has entered upon a period of luxuriousness that far surpasses anything seen on earth since the fall

of the Eastern Empire. During many a single week, I daresay, more money is spent in New York upon useless and evil things than would suffice to run the kingdom of Denmark for a year. All the colossal accumulated wealth of the United States, the greatest robber nation in history, tends to force itself at least once a year through the narrow neck of the Manhattan funnel. To that harsh island come all the thieves of the Republic with their loot--bankers from the fat lands of the Middle West, lumbermen from the Northwestern coasts, mine owners from the mountains, oil speculators from Texas and Oklahoma, cotton-mill sweaters from the South, steel magnates and manufacturers from the Black Country, black-legs and exploiters without end--all laden with cash, all eager to spend it, all easy marks for the town rogues and panders. The result is a social organization that ought to be far more attractive to novelists than it is--a society founded upon the prodigious wealth of Monte Cristo and upon the tastes of sailors home from a long voyage. At no time and place in modern times has harlotry reached so delicate and yet so effusive a development; it becomes, in one form or another, one of the leading industries of the town. New York, indeed, is the heaven of every variety of man with something useless and expensive to sell. There come the merchants with their bales, of Persian prayer-rugs, of silk pajamas, of yellow girls, of strange jugs and carboys, of hand-painted oil-paintings, of old books, of gim-cracks and tinsel from all the four corners of the world, and there they find customers waiting in swarms, their check-books open and ready. What town in Christendom has ever supported so many houses of entertainment, so many mines and mountebanks, so many sharpers and coney-catchers, so many bawds and pimps, so many hat-holders and door-openers, so many miscellaneous servants to idleness and debauchery? The bootlegging industry takes on proportions that are almost unbelievable; there are thousands of New Yorkers, resident and transient, who pay more for alcohol every year than they pay for anything else save women. I have heard of a single party at which the guests drank 100 cases of champagne in an evening--100 cases at \$100 a case--and it was, as entertainments go in New York today, a quiet and decorous affair. It is astonishing that no Zola has arisen to describe this engrossing and incomparable dance of death. Upton Sinclair once attempted it, in "The Metropolis," but Sinclair, of course, was too indignant for the job. Moreover, the era he dealt with was mild and amateurish; today the pursuit of sensation has been brought to a far higher degree of perfection. One must go back to the oriental capitals of antiquity to find anything even remotely resembling it. Compared to the revels that go on in New York every night, the carnalities of the West End of Berlin are trivial and childish, and those of Paris and the Côte d'Azur take on the harmless aspect of a Sunday-school picnic.

What will be the end of the carnival? If historical precedent counts for anything, it will go on to catastrophe. But what sort of catastrophe? I hesitate to venture upon a prophecy. Manhattan Island, with deep rivers all around it, seems an almost ideal scene for a great city revolution, but I doubt very much that there is any revolutionary spirit in its proletariat. Some mysterious enchantment holds its workers to their extraordinarily uncomfortable life; they apparently get a vague sort of delight out of the great spectacle that they are no part of. The New York workman patronizes fellow workmen from the provinces even more heavily than the Wall Street magnate patronizes country mortgage-sharks. He is excessively proud of his citizenship in the great metropolis, though all it brings him is an upper berth in a dog kennel. Riding along the elevated on the East Side and gazing into the windows of the so-called human habitations that stretch on either hand, I often wonder what process of reasoning impels, say, a bricklayer or a truckdriver to spend his days in such vile hutches. True enough, he is paid a few dollars more a week in New York than he would receive anywhere else, but he gets little more use out of them than an honest bank teller. In almost any other large American city he would have a much better house to live in, and better food; in the smaller towns his advantage would be very considerable. Moreover, his chance of lifting himself out of slavery to some measure of economic independence and autonomy would be greater anywhere else; if it is hard for the American workman everywhere to establish a business of his own, it is triply hard in New York, where rents are killing high and so much capital is required to launch a business that only Jews can raise it. Nevertheless, the poor idiot hangs on to his coop, dazzled by the wealth and splendor on display all around him. His susceptibility to this lure makes me question his capacity for revolution. He is too stupid and poltroonish for it, and he has too much respect for money. It is this respect for money in the proletariat, in fact, that chiefly safeguards and buttresses capitalism in America. It is secure among us because Americans venerate it too much to attack it.

What will finish New York in the end, I suppose, will be an onslaught from without, not from within. The city is the least defensible of great capitals. Give an enemy command of the sea, and he will be able to take it almost as easily as he could take Copenhagen. It has never been attacked in the past, indeed, without being taken. The strategists of the General Staff at Washington seem to be well aware of this fact, for their preparations to defend the city from a foe afloat have always been half-hearted and lacking in confidence. Captain Stuart Godfrey, U. S. A., who contributes the note on the fortifications of the port to

Fremont Rider's "New York City: A Guide to Travelers," is at pains to warn his lay readers that the existing forts protect only the narrow spaces in front of them--that "they cannot be expected to prevent the enemy from landing elsewhere," _e. g._, anywhere along the long reaches of the Long Island coast. Once such a landing were effected, the fact that the city stands upon an island, with deep water behind it, would be a handicap rather than a benefit. If it could not be taken and held, it could at least be battered to pieces, and so made untenable. The guns of its own forts, indeed, might be turned upon it, once those forts were open to attack from the rear. After that, the best the defenders could do would be to retire to the natural bombproofs in the cellars of the Union Hill, N. J., breweries, and there wait for God to deliver them. They might, of course, be able to throw down enough metal from the Jersey heights to prevent the enemy occupying the city and reopening its theatres and bordellos, but the more successful they were in this enterprise the more cruelly Manhattan would be used. Altogether, an assault from the sea promises to give the New Yorkers something to think about.

That it will be attempted before many years have come and gone seems to me to be very likely and I have a sneaking fear that it may succeed. As a veteran of five wars and a life-long student of homicidal science, I am often made uneasy, indeed, by the almost universal American assumption that no conceivable enemy could inflict serious wounds upon the Republic--that the Atlantic Ocean alone, not to mention the stupendous prowess of _Homo americanus_, makes it eternally safe from aggression. This notion has just enough truth in it to make it dangerous. That the _whole_ country could not be conquered and occupied I grant you, but no intelligent enemy would think for a moment of trying to conquer it. All that would be necessary to bring even the most intransigent patriots to terms would be to take and hold a small part of it--say the part lying to the East and North of the general line of the Potomac river. Early in the late war, when efforts were under way to scare the American _booboisie_ with the German bugaboo, one of the Allied propagandists printed a book setting forth plans alleged to have been made by the German General Staff to land an army at the Virginia capes, march on Pittsburgh, and so separate the head of the country from its liver, kidneys, gizzard, heart, spleen, bladder, lungs and other lights. The plan was persuasive, but I doubt that it originated in Potsdam; there was a smell of Whitehall upon it. One of the things most essential to its execution, in fact, was left out as it was set forth, to wit, a thrust southward from Canada to meet and support the thrust northwestward. But even this is not necessary. Any invader who emptied New York and took the line of the Hudson would have

Uncle Sam by the tail, and could enter upon peace negotiations with every prospect of getting very polite attention. The American people, of course, could go on living without New York, but they could not go on living as a great and puissant nation. Steadily, year by year, they have made New York more and more essential to the orderly functioning of the American state. If it were cut off from the rest of the country the United States would be in the hopeless position of a man relieved of his medulla oblongata--that is to say, of a man without even enough equipment left to be a father, a patriot and a Christian.

Nevertheless, it is highly probable that the predestined enemy, when he comes at last, will direct his first and hardest efforts to cutting off New York, and then make some attempt to keep it detached afterward. This, in fact, is an essential part of the new higher strategy, which is based upon economic considerations, as the old strategy was based upon dynastic considerations. In the Middle Ages, the object of war was to capture and hamstring a king; at present it is to dismember a great state, and so make it impotent. The Germans, had they won, would have broken up the British Empire, and probably detached important territories from France, Italy and Russia, beside gobbling Belgium _in toto_. The French, tantalized by a precarious and incomplete victory, attempted to break up Germany, as they broke up Austria. The chances are that an enemy capable of taking and holding New York would never give it back wholly--that is, would never consent to its restoration to the Union on the old terms. What would be proposed, I venture, would be its conversion into a sort of free state--a new Dantzic, perhaps functioning, as now, as the financial and commercial capital of the country, but nevertheless lying outside the bounds politically. This would solve the problem of the city's subsistence, and still enable the conqueror to keep his hold upon it. It is my belief that the New Yorkers, after the first blush of horror, would agree to the new arrangement and even welcome it. Their patriotism, as things stand, is next to nothing. I have never heard, indeed, of a single honest patriot in the whole town; every last man who even pretends to kiss the flag is simply a swindler with something to sell. This indifference to the great heart-throbs of the hinterland is not to be dismissed as mere criminality; it is founded upon the plain and harsh fact that New York is alien to the rest of the country, not only in blood and tastes, but also in fundamental interests--that the sort of life that New Yorkers lead differs radically from the sort of life that the rest of the American people lead, and that their deepest instincts vary with it. The city, in truth, already constitutes an independent free state in all save the name. The ordinary American law does not run there, save when it has been specifically ratified, and the ordinary American

mores are quite unknown there. What passes as virtue in Kansas is regarded as intolerable vice in New York, and _vice versa_. The town is already powerful enough to swing the whole country when it wants to, as it did on the war issue in 1917, but the country is quite impotent to swing the town. Every great wave of popular passion that rolls up on the prairies is dashed to spray when it strikes the hard rocks of Manhattan.

As a free state, licensed to prey upon the hinterland but unharassed by its Crô-Magnon prejudices and delusions, New York would probably rise to heights of very genuine greatness, and perhaps become the most splendid city known to history. For one thing, it would be able, once it had cut the painter, to erect barriers and conditions around the privilege of citizenship, and so save itself from the double flood that now swamps it--first, of broken-down peasants from Europe, and secondly and more important, of fugitive rogues from all the land West and South of the Hudson. Citizenship in New York is now worth no more than citizenship in Arkansas, for it is open to any applicant from the marshes of Bessarabia, and, still worse, to any applicant from Arkansas. The great city-states of history have been far more fastidious. Venice, Antwerp, London, the Hansa towns, Carthage, Tyre, Cnossus, Alexandria--they were all very sniffish. Rome began to wobble when the Roman franchise was extended to immigrants from the Italian hill country, _i. e._, the Arkansas of that time. The Hansa towns, under the democracy that has been forced upon them, are rapidly sinking to the level of Chicago and Philadelphia. New York, free to put an end to this invasion, and to drive out thousands of the gorillas who now infest it--more, free from the eternal blackmail of laws made at Albany and the Methodist tyranny of laws made at Washington--could face the future with resolution and security, and in the course of a few generations it might conceivably become genuinely civilized. It would still stand as toll-taker on the chief highway of American commerce; it would still remain the premier banker and usurer of the Republic. But it would be loosed from the bonds which now tend so strenuously to drag it down to the level of the rest of the country. Free at last, it could cease to be the auction-room and bawdy-house that it is now, and so devote its brains and energy to the building up of a civilization.

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BEGINNING WITH OOG

By LOUISE RICE

The American Parade - 1926

OOG WAS on a shopping expedition. He wanted to buy provisions for the family, a few modestly masculine adornments for himself and a fur coat for Mrs. Oog.

The fact that Oog was to pit his life against the seller did not disturb him. Such a thing was part of his daily existence. All of his shopping tours were delicately balanced on the point of life and death.

Oog lived let us say — about seventy thousand years ago.

Some statisticians say before this and some say after, but what are a few thousand years when we are discussing stretches of time like this ?

In all his world there was not a road, not a dwelling, not a vehicle, not a manufactured article, not a piece of jewelry, not a piece of footgear, not a picture, not a walled place, not a domestic animal, not a man living in amity with another.

The only weapons were stones, hurled from a vine tendril sling, or a wood lance of tough wood, the point sharpened in the fire.

Oog, slinking along the trails which the occasional human foot and the many animal feet had made, the trail which ran beside the river, had with him both of these weapons. He was quite at ease in his world ; just as much at ease as any gentle man strolling down Fifth Avenue with a well filled wallet.

He had most definite ideas. He knew that the children were hungry, that he wanted a new necklace and that Mrs. Oog had positively declared that she would not wear that old bearskin coat one more season . Like the good family man that he was, Oog was out to do what he could for the folks at home.

As a substitute for the Fifth Avenue shops, he had the dim trail and the stark shapes which flitted along it ; in plain words, he had for his objective the saber - toothed tiger, whose body would furnish him with provender, whose teeth would give him the desired necklace and whose hide would give Mrs. Oog the coveted — and fashionable - coat.

Quite casually then , Mr. Oog trailed and found his tiger, and with two good stones and a final touch of the sharp wooden lance, despatched him , and thus completed his shopping.

He hurried, for he had an appointment to meet Mrs. Oog on the trail, by a big, upstanding rock , at the moment when

The Greater Light sent its rays directly downward , thus penetrating the thick roof of leaves of the giant trees. He dragged the carcass there, that the lady might see that he had fulfilled his duties as head of the house. And then, as he paused by the rock, what did he see but another saber - toothed tiger in the distance !

What to do ? Like all men, he dreaded what the feminine

tongue could and would say, should he be the defaulter at an engagement. And yet, he wanted that other tiger. What a triumph to secure it !

We can vision him there, in the mists of the primeval forest, scratching his matted, woolly head-and then the great, the stupendous idea burst on him. How great and how stupendous, he was never to know .

From the rocky path on which his calloused , horny feet stood, he stooped and took up a sharp piece of stone and on the big rock before him he set down a record that could be seen thou sands of years afterwards— the story of what his hunting hari been, and of how he wanted Mrs. Oog to wait until he should return with the other tiger.

Then, seizing his weapons, he darted down the trail.

No one knows what Mrs. Oog thought. But in time the rock became the object of reverence , and in time, perhaps five hundred years later, there came another stupendous day, when one stood before the stone and realized that there was a way in which to express a man's thoughts, the way in which a message could be left, the way in which the vision in the eyes might be projected into the world .

So that other man went home to his cave and on its walls he put a picture of His Day.

On a cave in France you can still read the story, " written " at the latest forty or fifty thousand years ago. The early start, the long tramp through the forest, the animals slain and the joyous return — all are chronicled .

A long, long time after that, another man had a thought. He got tired of getting his steaks and chops by risking his life. He cast envious and thoughtful eyes on the big herds of wild oxen which roamed the meadows. He thereupon built a retaining wall of some kind or other and captured some of the young and allowed them to grow up in the enclosure. This enabled him to go out with a good throwing spear, or a bow and arrow , or hearty sling and get him a bit of meat, working from behind the wall, without stirring a hair.

In the course of time this man and his descendants became the wealthy men of that period, and so they sought for some sign by which they might announce themselves as such . They found it in the picture of the beast of which their wealth consisted.

If you will take the capital letter " A " and spread the two perpendicular strokes and put two dots above the horizontal one and three below it, you will see the first dollar sign —

an ox's head. That it was the first sign used in what we now call writing is a sure thing, for this letter, in some of its many forms, is to be found in all of the prominent alphabets of the world, even today, which must be thirty thousand years from its first use, at least.

Countless centuries afterwards, another man decided to desert the rock caves which had been men's residences, up to that time ; or, I suspect that his wife decided it. Caves are usually in inaccessible places, hard to get to and from ; they are usually hung over sharp declivities or over water. The children must have often rolled right out of the family doorway to calamity. The lady of the house probably, by that time, had the idea that she would like to do a bit of traveling, too .

Sometime, in the course of traveling about, men must have taken off the hide cloaks which they wore and tied them over bushes and small trees, in the endeavor to make a shelter against a sudden storm, and this no doubt suggested the first manufactured human habitation.

Anyway, when the second letter of the alphabet began to come into use , as the sign of a house dweller, man had gotten to the use of the double tent, which is still used by the genuine Gypsy and the Arab — the rounded tents of hide which are tied on to a support very much as the very first ones must have been . Take the letter B and lay it down and you will see this sign. It meant one tent for the children and the young animals and the other for the man and the woman.

D and E record the fact that man had taken to the domed building, still used in the Orient, which is the replica of the early tent. D is the dome, itself, and E is the portico. Lay them down and only a few strokes are needed to show that this is so .

Barter and trade began to creep in after that. A man exchanged a shell necklace for bone needles, a fur garment for a bow and arrows. The distrust which all humanity had for its own kind was still strong, so that the frequent way of making an exchange was to lay the objects down and then retreat to a safe distance while the other party selected and bartered . In time the exchange came to be put in the hand, and so we come to another point in the making of letter forms, for " G " is little more than the open hand. Print a vague thumb in the last stroke of the letter and you have it.

H is a gate. The least imaginative of us can see that. It signalizes the time when land, up to then the most easily ac

quired of anything in the world , began to be the hardest to acquire and the most precious in man's sight. For it was long after a man's closed door was inviolate, that his lands began to be his.

When he started not only to own the land but to plow it, the real civilization of the world had begun. The letter T is the symbol of this time. Two or three strokes will show the ox - neck yokes at the extremities of the horizontal stroke.

S is the sign for water. In all languages it is the same.

Originally, it was horizontal, and was three strokes one over the other, the sign of waves. In time, as it was found that it was too hard to shape these, the hand instinctively made the strokes in perpendicular position and then reduced them to one. This is also the universal sign for " snake" and the antiquity of this can be perceived when we note that all the old signs for " snake " were also water signs ; for the prehistoric snakes were products of the water, only. The land serpent is the modern thing.

All this is away and away , far off in the primeval mists in which we dimly see the figure of Oog, that inarticulate man, heavy of jaw and low of brow . It was far, far behind the glory that was wise Chaldea, or luxurious Babylon, or sophisticated Egypt. The history books used to tell us that " civilization began on the banks of the Nile, Five Thousand B. C."

No more erroneous statement was ever made. Five Thousand, B. C. was, comparatively speaking, our own day. House rent, ownership of property, paved streets, villas outside the town and slums in the heart of it, styles in clothing, fashions in sins, a literature already decadent, political factions, Labor and Capital, marriage, divorce and vice, an over-bearing priesthood and the regulation of the cost of a loaf of bread - all this was as common to Five Thousand, B. C. as it is to Nineteen Hundred, A. D. We must look long past all that before we see man's supreme achievement - the art of writing - emerge from antiquity.

There is no record of where the signs which we have been considering became merged into what we now call an alphabet. But we can see that every alphabet, and every series of formations which the races made, reflected accurately themselves.

The heavy, coldly exotic beauty of an Egyptian temple is in the ponderous and mysterious looking writing which they used . The irregularity of Greece's vision of beauty, that irregularity which, in the beautifully and perfectly out of plumb Acropolis,

defies the tools of the exact workers of today, that beauty has its counterpart in the most lovely of all alphabets — Alpha, Beta, Delta, Gamma- in name and form they are beyond praise. Rome smashed that beauty and for the letter forms which were the joy of Greece and were to become that of the rest of the world, the stern mistress of the world substituted the severity, the mechanically correct and rigidly uniform " Roman " letter.

Rome fell in 476 and in 600 the world had forgotten how to write. Chaotic and unformed, a hodge- podge and a bastard , the Middle- Age so far lost its sense of writing that it frequently wrote around and around a pivotal point. You would either have to keep the writing turning, or else stand on your head, to read it. Could anything be more characteristic of an age which swooned away at a false note struck on the lute, threw its slops out of the upper windows on the unfortunate heads which might be passing after curfew , lavished untold money for a new style of sleeve and died by the thousands because a bath was a semi annual affair ? An age when an unprotected woman was as good as thrown to the wolves and a protected woman was worshiped as a sacred goddess ?

The writing masters, during all that dreadful thousand years evolved only one thing which was beautiful, and that was the illuminated letter of the priestly scribes. Elaborate, hard to write and even harder to read, impossible to use for any ordinary purpose because of its difficulties, unnatural in its convolutions and affected as a preacher's smirk, this writing which we can still see in the old illuminated missals left to us and kept in our museums, is — if we use our imaginations — a curious and almost complete picture of the dark years. To have a really complete one, we must add the chaotic writing which ran wildly around in a circle !

All this time, from the earliest period in Babylonia and Egypt, while letter forms remained severe and scribes " printed" them , there was some kind of a " running hand " used by the ordinary person . The Egyptian scribes, often forced to take dictation at a rate of speed which made it impossible to use the hieroglyphic forms, had especially interesting " demotic " writing, and so did the Greek scribes. So, when the Dark Ages passed and the old feudal pressure on the world began to lessen, the writing masters brought into use, for the first time with official sanction , the " running hand."

That is the writing which the Occidental world uses today. Far, far from Oog and his rock , yet a legitimate successor,

is the letter that you and I write. Still, in these A.B.C's which are as familiar to us as our right hands, there are the forms which tell us of the old ox head which once stood for the earliest property, of the first tent, of the first gates, the first yokes, the first buildings. The history of the race runs through our fingers every day, so easily and so automatically that there is no recollection in us of Oog.

But Oog — or whatever ancestor of ours, by whatever inarticulate name, first thought of making a picture tell a story or state a fact — is the great, the cosmic figure in the world of Man. Without that first stunning inspiration which came to him, we should never have learned of anything beyond the gratification of our bodies.

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HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP - EAST AND WEST

PHOTOPLAY - 12/31/26

LOTS of the true stories about the stars are better than anything a press agent can invent. While Marion was confessing to her terrible craving for sewing, Norma broke down and admitted that she was a good cook.

Norma and Joseph Schenck are thinking of building a new home at Santa Monica Beach. It will not be a large or pretentious place because Norma is anxious to cut down on the useless complications of living. Instead of an elaborate menage, Norma wants a small, comfortable home with one maid-of-all-work. She wants to be free to go into the kitchen when she likes to fix Joe's favorite dishes for him.

RED THOMSON, the Western star whose pictures have been cleaning up so recently, may be signed by United Artists when his present F. B. O. contract has expired. Joe Schenck once told Thomson that it could be arranged any time he was free and wanted to join United Artists, and Fred has been in conference with Schenck recently. Maybe they have come to a business agreement. Maybe not. Time will tell. Anyway, Fred, who is Frances Marion's husband, is a much-sought-after young actor these days.

ENGLISH, as spoken by Greta Nissen: "I went to the

animal gardens and saw a blue monkey in a prison—or is it a press?”

Translated, that means that Greta went to a zoo and saw a blue monkey in a cage.

How I would love to hear an English conversation between Greta Nissen and Vilma Banky!

THE last word on the Cody-Normand wedding is that Lew says he has been asking Mabel to marry him for years and years. And Mabel had consistently refused. When she finally breathed “Yes,” he didn’t give her a chance to take another breath, but rushed her to the parson’s.

THE Black Bottom has become the rage in Hollywood. The Charleston is displaced, passé, old-fashioned. All its one-time exponents have flown over to the Black Bottom.

A Scotch joy-ride—not a joy-ride with Scotch. There’s a difference. This is one of the few informal pictures for which Lillian Gish has posed. She is seen here with Josephine Lovett (in private life Mrs. Robertson) who wrote the story of “Annie Laurie,” and John Robertson, who is directing the picture

Mary Hay Barthelmess is a well-known exponent of the new dance and I saw her teaching Bessie Love and Blanche Sweet its most intricate steps at a party the other evening. Elsie Janis also showed some of the girls how it should be done up at Frances Marion’s midnight barbecue in her honor.

But Mrs. Tom Mix capped the climax by having a famous exponent and instructor at a cat party she gave the other night. Ruth Roland was practicing assiduously, and the rest of the chorus following the dusky dancing teacher—feminine—included Kathleen Clifford, Carmelita Geraghty, Eileen Percy, and a lot of others.

THE pure, sweet influence of the screen is felt everywhere. If you don’t believe it, list to the declaration made by Erich von Stroheim as he frolicked in surf and slave bracelet with his

little son:

"If anyone had told me a couple of years ago that I would ever enjoy this sort of thing, I would have told him he was crazy."

This from the screen's arch-villain, despoiler of womanhood, wrecker of lives. What is happening to our cinema sinners?

While her husband was away on a short yachting trip "between pictures," Mrs. Tom Mix went to spend Sunday with some friends in the country. As she was leaving to go home she opened her big silk bag to find a telephone number in her little book for her hostess, and revealed, to the amazement of all beholders, the contents of the bag. Her sewing and a large revolver, resting amicably side by side.

"Tom always makes me promise to take a gun if I go out alone at night," she explained, "and I brought my sewing because I thought I'd have time to do something on it."

A typical modern woman, that.

HERE'S something new in the way of epics. We've had epics of railroads, old West, steel mills, fast-sailing clippers, covered wagons, gold-diggers (of both sexes), Indians and cow country.

This 100-foot tower is merely a big tripod for the cameras which will get long-shots of the battle scenes in "Wings." It was built near San Antonio, Texas, where five square miles were set aside for a reproduction of the battle of St. Mihiel

Now we're going to have the epic of the auto camp. The lowly roving flivver, which nests at night with a flock of dusty lizzies in the shadow of a hot-dog emporium, is to be immortalized.

It will be called "Rubber Tires," not by an Akron firm, but by Alan Hale, with Bessie Love adding heart throbs to the lyric of lizzie.

THERE is absolutely no truth in the story that Pola Negri is in love with Mae Murray's husband's brother. The younger of the Mdivani boys means nothing in Pola's life. So there! Perhaps you didn't hear the story in the first place, but it had Hollywood agitated for a few days. Pola's friends declare the rumor was started by Pola's enemies. And it only goes to show that this is a cruel world. Pola is selling her home in Hollywood. It was a nice house, but it had too many memories.

SPEAKING of Mae Murray, Mae and her gardener, one Alfred Wilding, had a little disagreement. Mae owed the gardener a small bill and Wilding wanted a settlement. But the story goes that Mae was angry because the gardener planted lemon trees in her new Santa Monica garden. Never mind, Mae, diluted lemon juice makes a good hair rinse, so all the girls tell me.

Marc McDermott poses for an effigy of himself. The figure will be placed in a coffin in a scene for "The Mysterious Island," and will be used to scare the leading actor, Lionel Barrymore, into a regular frenzy of acting

oo RUSSELL and Helen Ferguson were in the East for the Dempsey-Tunney fight. Bill is an old friend of Gene's, and so the Russells joined in the Tunney celebration. Bill Russell is a real athlete, and an expert on athletics.

As for Helen, she tells a funny one about her new house in Hollywood. Bill, like other big, strong fellows, is death on furniture. He is great in a gymnasium, but a hurricane in a parlor. So when Helen had her new home built, she hired eight men to jump up and down on the floors, to see if they would be safe enough for Bill's gentle tread.

EVERYONE get set for a long, cold winter! The squir-

rels are growing extra ear-muffs and Lya de Putti bought three fur coats—ermine, mink and broadtail—all in one afternoon. Any old-fashioned farmer will tell you that this is a sure sign of heavy snow.

THE curse has been removed from Hollywood's haunted house. Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton dispelled it.

The haunted house huddles in a deserted curve at the end of a hillside road. Its frame skeleton, pocked with colored-glass windows, has held Mary Miles Minter, William Desmond Taylor, Max Linder; even Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert for a while. Suspicious folk lay their misfortunes to residence in its ivy-covered walls.

The house stood idle until Ruth Chatterton and her husband, Ralph Forbes, whom you have seen as John in "Beau Geste," came to Hollywood to appear in "The Green Hat." They took the house without knowing its secret, and their ignorance was bliss, for nothing but good fortune befell them. The play received excellent notices and Ralph was signed to a long-term Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract. The spook must have relented.

HERE'S one on Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin and the title should be "It's Great to Be Famous."

The two noted ones were waiting for a motor at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, when up whizzed Doug, Jr., in his swanky little roadster:

"Let me give you a lift,' and away the three dashed, with Doug's son at the wheel. Approaching Vine and Hollywood Boulevard they stopped for a traffic signal and two precious flappers sauntered past. Breathed one, pinching the other's arm in emphasis:

"O-O-O-O-O-O! Junior!"

Which is the greater? To be famous or have a famous son?

Look!! There's Douglas Fairbanks,

Here he is—little Samuel Goldwyn, Jr. His mother, the former Frances Howard, and his aunt (Constance Howard) think he's the finest baby in the world. And his father, the famous producer, for once is speechless with admiration

DOROTHY GISH arrived from England recently and left immediately for California to see her mother, who is seriously ill. Dorothy announces that she will make no more films in England until her mother gets well. In the meantime, production on 'Madame Pompadour' will be held up until Dorothy returns.

THEY are always breaking up great combinations in motion pictures. Richard Dix and his director, Gregory LaCava, were a great team. You will notice said WERE. They're not together now. So were Mal St. Clair and Adolphe Menjou, but when they split Menjou was lucky because he drew Luther Reid as his director and Luther has made good with a bang.

Guess they have to break up these combinations, but it does seem too bad. You see they become too valuable to keep together as director and star after their pictures have been real hits.

It's rather sad to me to see the parting of the ways between George Fitzmaurice, director, and the two stars he has made famous, Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. This is the combination that made 'The Dark Angel'—one of the greatest artistic and box office triumphs of the screen.

I couldn't help but shed a tear or two as I sat on the set watching Fitz directing Vilma and Ronald in their last picture as a trio. It is to be called "A Night of Love." With its completion Fitz goes to First National at a huge salary—one of the two or three largest directorial salaries ever paid—and Colman and Banky remain with Sam Goldwyn.

TAMMANY YOUNG, world's champion "gate crasher," slipped over a fast one on First National's efficiency

system. Tammany is working in "Not Herbert," which is being produced by Al Rockett.

Missing Tammany from the set, Rockett asked where he was. He was told that Tammany had gone to the barber shop.

"What's the idea of leaving the set and going out to have your hair cut on the company's time?" asked Rockett, when Tammany returned. :

"Well," answered Tammany, "the hair grew on the company's time, didn't it?"

LILLIAN GISH is most happy working under the direction of John Robertson. With her mother critically ill, Lillian has been lucky to have a sympathetic director at the studio. She wants to keep Mr. Robertson for another picture, although it was planned to have Mr. Robertson direct Ramon Novarro in Milton Sills is married now to Doris Kenyon. Milton dashed East for the ceremony upon the completion of his picture. His tennis opponent is John Goodrich, who wrote the scenario of "Men of Steel"? from Sills' story

"Old Heidelberg." The Robertsons are immensely fond of Lillian and, for years, Lillian has wanted him for her director. So the combination may remain together for another picture, after the completion of "Annie Laurie."

LILLIAN wants to play Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina." In the phrase of the censors, it is the story of an illicit love affair. And it would be pretty hard to turn the affair of Anna and Wronsky into a sentimental friendship. Unless the idyllic love story of Kitty and Levine is eliminated from the film, it will be pretty hard to throw much sympathy to Anna.

I wonder why Lillian doesn't think of "Jane Eyre." The Bronte story was done years ago, but it wasn't much of a success, perhaps because it failed to make the most of the story. But I still think there is a kick, even for ultra-modern audiences,

in the old tale of the prim governess, the fascinating Mr. Rochester and the mad wife.

R. ROBERTSON is reversing the order of film things in "Annie Laurie." His villain, Creighton Hale, is pale and blond with blue eyes, while Norman Kerry, the hero, has dark eyes and hair. This is a departure from the conventional blond hero and dark villain, and, incidentally, it is a historical fact that the greatest badmen of the early West were not black-mustached desperadoes with dark eyes, as usually depicted on stage and screen, but cool-shooting blonds with pale grey or blue eyes.

The only other time that I recall a similar combination was in "The Covered Wagon," when Jim Cruze chose as hero brunette Jack Kerrigan and blond Alan Hale for villain.

THERE were sixty extras in kilted plaids on the stage at M-G-M where Creighton Hale is playing the childhood lover of Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie."

'Just five cases of Scotch," commented Hale as he looked the kilted extras over.

"Nay, lad, fifteen," objected a Highland piper standing near. "Every Scotsman who wears kilts is a three-bottle man."

IN the second presentation of the Vitaphone stars, Al Jolson romped away with the honors of the evening at the Colony Theater. The funny part of Jolson's appearance was that. only a week before, he had been earnestly trying to convince a jury that he was a poor film subject. Several years ago, Griffith tried to anchor Jolson with a contract, but Jolson

slipped away, claiming he had no camera possibilities.

But the Vitaphone proves that Jolson is, most decidedly, a film bet. Even with indifferent photography, the black-face comedian is very much there.

And when he sings—Mammy!

REINALD WERRENATH made a little ilop, which was a surprise to me. But the Vitaphone producers made the mistake of dressing up Reinald in an illustrated song costume and then having little birdies twitter in the background. It was all wrong, Gunga Din.

GEORGE JESSEL made such a hit with his Vitaphone monologue that Warner Brothers have signed him up for another picture. He will appear in a film version of 'The Jazz Singer,'" and the film will have several interpolated songs.

This is the first important break-away and it may mark the beginning of the end of silence in the silent drama.

The importance of the Vitaphone grows daily. Here is one branch of the movies that is really in its infancy. Famous Players-Lasky is acquiring the Vitaphone for its Public Theaters and I predict that it won't be long now before we are looking at entire musical comedies on the screen.

At the Carthay Circle Theater opening of "Bardelys the Magnificent," Jack, with the grace that is Gilbert's, sent a deft dart at King Vidor, the director, when he introduced

him as “the man who made me the world’s greatest parachute jumper.”

The scene where Jack does a cloud-jumping act with the aid of the old family bedspread from the building’s top to the King’s coach is a bit hard to swallow.

However, it seems the custom this season for our amorous actors, turned athletes, to go in for self-abasement. John Barrymore, for instance. At the premiere of “Don Juan” Jack arose to remark that if he had been billed as “the world’s greatest acrobat” there would have been no reason for argument. But being hailed as “the greatest living actor” gave too much food for intermission discussion.

FOR an appreciation of that marvelous comedy, “The Better ’Ole,” you must look in the Shadow Stage Department. Nevertheless, I must have my little say. Ever since the days of “The Submarine Pirate,” I have contended that Syd is just as funny as Charlie Chaplin. Moreover, I am one of those persons who believe that Charlie got a lot of his stuff from Syd.

Anyway, Charlie never invented a gag as funny as Syd’s episode of the trick horse. This one sequence runs about three reels without a break in the laughs. And that almost establishes a record.

THE New York critics were kind to ‘The Better “Ole,” although it contained no UFA camera angles. Moreover, although the film concerned itself exclusively with the doings of the British Army, none of our American reviewers complained about the absence of the A. F. F. The London newspapers bewailed the lack of appreciation for the British in ‘The Big Parade.’

But over here we are broad-minded and we let Syd Chaplin and his Britishers win the war all by themselves in “ The Better Ole,” without even the shadow of a kick.

Do you remember little Richard Headrick, the child actor? He has turned evangelist and he is now busy saving souls in the middle west. A small town in Indiana reports forty-one conversions as the result of Richard’s eloquence. He’s one of the youngest preachers in the world

THE loss of a championship doesn’t worry Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor. Jack may have “forgotten to duck,” but Estelle is still very much in the ring.

She is playing a prominent rôle in Luther Reed’s production, ‘New York.’ This is the picture based on the Ellin Mackay-Irving Berlin romance.

And, after her hit in “ Don Juan,” Estelle has been offered any number of big rôles to choose from.

“Ts reducing thing. It has come to a pretty fix. It’s driving beautiful women to the mop, the vacuum and the duster. For example, Dorothy Dwan Semon decided to clean the living room herself the other morning, just to keep slim. Head swathed in white bandana, sleeves rolled high, the room was soon a cloud of dust. But her housekeeping venture brought more than dust and

slimness.

When Larry got home that night,
he gave another look at Mandy, the
broad, buxom brunette who rules the
cook-stove.

“What about this pretty new maid
that Don, the prop boy, saw here this
morning when he called to get my
smoked goggles?”

Then Dorothy realized it was mis-
taken identity rather than presump-
tion that evoked the fervid look from
Don when she handed him Larry’s
goggles eleven hours earlier.

DON’T see how any chauffeur could be so
heartless in view of the green-eyed, titian-
haired loveliness of the lady. But the Filipino
chauffeur of Jocelyn Lee’s new \$5,000 car was
lacking in chivalry, honesty and charity when
he left that lady waiting at the portals of the
Universal Studio while he and the car eloped
for parts unknown.

BUSTER KEATON is tired of listening to
the wild ocean waves of Santa Monica and
will soon move into a modest little Beverly
Hills cottage, costing in the neighborhood of
\$200,000.

It rests on a small three-acre plot, is Italian
in style and has twenty rooms.

If Buster, the arctic-featured actor, doesn’t
get a broad, complacent, satisfied grin out of
that he’s a better man than I.

(one eet Curd and Whey

Man: "It used to be the woman who paid. Now it's the man who pays—and pays—and pays."

Beautiful Platinum Prospector:

"You haven't known me long.

You've only paid and paid."

The most beautiful gown of the Hollywood social season to date—acknowledged as such by all beholders—was worn by Blanche Sweet at a recent dinner party given by Mrs. Antonio Moreno.

Blanche always has lovely frocks, but in this one she surpassed herself.

Of the most glorious shade of rose-pink taffeta, the gown was made with a tight bodice and a very full soft skirt, reaching clear to the ground.

This was ornamented with wide points of wine red taffeta, coming up from the bottom of the skirt, and slender points coming down from the shoulders.

Very low in the neck, it had tiny, puff sleeves, and with it was worn a soft, full cape of the rose-pink taffeta with a tiny, shirred hood covering the hair.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, he of the classic profile, is now an ex-benedict. But it is very confusing. No sooner was the final decree granted from Beverly Bayne, than Francis X. made the announcement that he hoped to make Beverly his wife again. The silence is very thick on Miss Bayne's part. So thick it cannot even be cut or broken with Bushman's pleas.

It looks like the sad ending of a glorious romance.

FATHER'S unhappy marital experiences did not deter Virginia Bushman from marrying Jack Conway, the director. Virginia, beautiful and twenty, met Conway when he was directing "Brown of Harvard." It was a case of meeting, marveling and marrying. They did, and left immediately for Pebble Beach, as perfect a spot as I have ever seen for honeymooners.

HE: "My number's Rexford 7161.

What's yours?"

She: 'Rexford 6417.'

He: 'Ho, ho! So you live in Beverly Hills too! And how we do live in Beverly!'

THEY say a small bonfire placed beneath an obdurate burro has a tendency to speed his steps.

Which reminds me of the wager that Joe Schenck made last January with Charlie Chaplin just before the comedian commenced his circus picture. Five thousand dollars was laid that Charlie, who takes one or two years to make a film, would not complete the picture within six months.

Came June, the month of roses, and Charlie paid his loss. But that didn't help Joe to get "The Circus" on his program, and Joe was waiting to release it. Months passed and then came a small, but sufficiently exciting, fire at the Chaplin Studios.

Do you suppose Joe, profiting by the lesson of the slow-moving burro, was trying to smoke Charlie out?

FIRST SHEIK: "There's de guy what's going to marry Bebe Dan-

iels. He's Charlie Paddock, de
world's fastest human."

Second Sheik: "Yeh (thinking of
Bebe's sojourn at the Santa Ana
hoosegow for speeding). Gotta be
fast to keep up with her."

KATHERINE McDONALD is now a grass
widow. From golf widow to grass widow
she went, silently, with very few of her friends
knowing that the "K. M. Johnson" who was
seeking freedom from C. S. Johnson was the
woman who was known to the screen and the
world as "the American beauty." They have
one small son, Britt, aged two, who is to remain
with his mother.

IT has been rumored, particularly in the pages
of a magazine of a certain type, that "big
brothers," "uncles" and plain 'sugar dad-
dies" figure prominently in the lives of extra
girls. Whether or not they do is still a ques-
tion, but the girls need worry no more about
their relatives. They are now to be endowed
with "sisters."

Mrs. Clarence Brown, whose social activities
have won her a particular position in the film
colony, is the president of the Screen Sisters,
which has Marjorie Williams, director of the
Hollywood Studio Club, as vice-president; Dr.
Sonia Poushkareff, second vice-president; Bar-
oness Rhyner Morrill, auditor; Mrs. Ben
Carre, treasurer, and Mrs. George Gilmore,
secretary.

The Screen Sisters will establish a wardrobe
for the use of twenty girls. When these twenty
girls have been aided to "bigger and better pic-
tures," twenty more will be aided by the
organization.

THE new Fox Film Studios, in Fox Hills, about five miles from Hollywood, had an At Home the other day and the callers numbered something like thirty thousand. It's a rare treat to get inside a studio, so when the papers published the invitation hoz polloi did a Nurmi to get there.

Tom Mix and his bronchobusters offered a bit of fancy riding and roping; Earle Fox was master of ceremonies and Margaret Livingston raised a flag, accompanied by a willing band. They even had a pioneer attorney, who commenced his speech with "Los Angeles is proud of its motion picture industry ... "

A Charleston contest between the secretary of the Fox casting office and a champion cowboy dancer sent the thirty thousand home with varied thoughts about the joys of a picture career.

Wew Charlie had a pipe organ and Lita had an ear drum, but somehow they didn't harmonize, and Lita Grey Chaplin was taken to the hospital suffering from a severe earache. Of course it may have been coincidental and undoubtedly it was, but it is common gossip that one of Charlie's pet hobbies is to play upon the pipe organ of an evening.

If it really was the pipe organ that gave Lita the earache, Charlie will have to buy an organ muffler, or give up those deep melodious pieces. Anyway, Lita is quite recovered.

WINFIELD SHEEHAN, second in command of the Fox organization, testifies that this thing of writing stories to suit the location or the star didn't start with motion pictures.

At a dinner party the other evening he was moved to the following reminiscence:

"In the old days on the New York World, my desk was right next to Irvin Cobb's. One day a theatrical producer named Riley, who had put on the revival of 'Floradora,' came in and told Cobb he wanted a show written. He wanted Cobb to write it. Irvin asked him what he wanted it about and Riley said, 'You come with me and I'll show you.' He took him over to a theatrical warehouse and showed him a beautiful set of scenery representing a Mexican vista. 'Now,' he said, 'I'd like the first act laid in Mexico.' Then he took him over to another warehouse and showed him some more lovely scenery, only this time it was of Japan.

He'd had a Japanese play that year that was a failure. 'I'd like the next act laid in Japan,' he said. They went to a final warehouse and he showed him a beautiful set of the Swiss Alps. 'And the last act ought to be in Switzerland,' he said. The funny part of it is Cobb wrote the show.

"It had the long run of one week on Broadway, and Cobb wrote an article about it for Everybody's magazine, and that's the way he broke into the magazine game."

R. WILLIAM WRIGLEY, the man who discovered the profitable way to exercise the great American jaw, has offered a neat sum to the successful swimmer who will navigate the channel between California and Catalina Island.

Reggy Denny, an expert swimmer in addition to being a movie star, decided to cover himself with aquatic

glory. Forthwith he telephoned
Henry MacRae, general manager of
Universal City:

"I'm sick this morning.
Can't come to work."

Then Reggy 'phoned a friend at
the studio to get him some goggles
and a permit to attempt the swim.
MacRae got wind of the request and
Denny's telephone buzzed:

"What's this about swimming the
channel? Thought you were sick,"
barked MacRae.

"Yes," answered the shameless
Reggy. "I thought it would make me
feel better to take some exercise."

"If you feel that good, you can
come to work."

And Reggy worked.

ELECTIONS, apparently, among the Tha-
lians, that nice little club of screen young
people. Lincoln Stedman has been elected
president to fill the executive shoes of Ray-
mond Keane; George Lewis is now vice-presi-
dent and Marjorie Bonner is treasurer. But
whatever the ructions were, they have been
amiably smoothed and numerous illustrious
young folk have been initiated.

Dolores and Helene Costello are among the
new members, and Harold Goodwin, Shannon
Day, Arthur Lake, Charles Farrell, Alice and
Marcelline Day.

Claire MacDowell was patroness the other
day and supplied some very old Griffith pic-

tures for showing.

TWO rather elderly ladies sitting in a dentist's outer office were heard discussing motion pictures.

"Well," said one, "I guess John Barrymore can act all right. But I think he's sort of effeminate. I thought the costumes he wore in 'Bardelys the Magnificent' were sort of effeminate."

"Maybe," said the other, tartly, "but he certainly wasn't effeminate in 'The Copperhead.'"

To the wise fan who knows that John Gilbert starred in "Bardelys," and that it was Brother Lionel Barrymore who played in "The Copperhead," this would seem to be an excellent example of "such is fame."

MADELINE BRANDEIS, the woman who makes wholesome pictures with good children and grown-ups for nice people, has an idea. The idea is so good that it is amazing that no one has thought of it before.

Mrs. Brandeis is going to make a series of six two-reel pictures and she is going to use the offspring of the stars as the axis on which the stories will revolve.

The dramatic action will be carried by professionals, but the interest will be centered on the kids.

For instance, a little two-reel Western with Tim Holt and his sister, Jack's children; or the Harry Carey kids. A bit of drama with Ruth Nagel or Jack and Mary Ford's babies,

or, maybe, Carey Wilson's two. Barbara Denny, daughter of handsome, humorous Reggy, will be seen in comedy. Winston Miller, Patsy Ruth's brother, and Mary Carr's daughter, know their greasepaint well enough to be entrusted with real parts.

MARION NIXON, looking very small and very determined and very earnest, as she stood before the judge, had to promise that she would never take Joe Benjamin, her prize-fighter husband, back to her.

This she readily pledged, and the judge handed her a decree.

Thus the little boxer, who brought love and sorrow to Marion's heart, passed from her. They were married last year. Non-support, frequent week-end trips to Tia Juana and finally an alleged threat against her life, made married life a bit too hectic for Marion and she sued for divorce.

DON'T suppose I should tell you this one and that's just the reason why I can't help it. For it's really a bit brutal even if not true.

It happened on Director Clarence Brown's set. I was chatting with his assistant, Charles Dorian. A certain very charming foreign actress (name deleted by the big editor)—a recent importation—was before the camera at the time. I couldn't help noticing the size of her feet, they were so in contrast with the piquancy of her dainty features.

““Gosh, aren't they whoppers, Charlie?”

I just couldn't help it.

"Sure, kid, sure! Her countrymen are noted for the size of their feet.

"Why, kid, if I had her feet and the feet of (he named another great female star of the same nationality), I could make a thousand dollars a week stamping out forest fires."

IT looks as though we were to lose a beautiful sunny Day. That is, if the reports of wires, cables, and long distance telephone calls can be true. Alice Day, the only Sennett girl without a bathing suit (don't get me wrong, Archie, she goes in for domestic comedy), has kept the wireless operators busy receiving messages from Carl Laemmle Jr., who has been summering on the continent with his father.

Alice says nothing, but smiles prettily, which she does very well, so perhaps it is but one of those youthful crushes. They're both nothing

"THERE are ideals and ideals, says Derelys Perdue. And the ideals of her husband, Louis Feldman, were not hers, so what was there to do but separate? This they are doing, after their marriage last year. Derelys has gone back home to mother, and divorce papers are soon to be filed.

NORMAN TREVOR tells about the engaging wisdom of the colored chauffeur he employed while he was in Hollywood to play Major Beaujolais in "Beau Geste." He was motoring one day and stopped before a new public building. The inscription on the cornerstone read: 1926, A. D."

“Do you know what ‘A. D.’ means, George?” questioned Trevor.

“Ah should say Ah does!”

“Yes?”

“It means ‘All Done?’ ”

WHILE the Crown Prince of Sweden was visiting Hollywood, Hollywood sent a very important visitor to Sweden.

Anna Q. Nilsson has just returned from a two months’ visit to her home and birthplace in Sweden—the first since she became a screen favorite.

“T had a gorgeous time and everybody was glad to see me and they were all so pleased at the wonderful reception Hollywood gave Sweden’s future ruler,” said Anna Q.

She didn’t add that she is one of Sweden’s most famous daughters, and that they did very well in the way of receiving her. Anna Q. is one of those modest people.

THE Joseph Schildkrauts are starting ail over . again—for the seventh or eighth time. Which is it? I’ve lost count. Anyway, Elise

Beatrice Lillie, the English comedienne, is a regular cut-up. This is part of her make-up for “Exit Smiling,” her first movie. We hope that Beatrice will be as funny on the screen as she is on the stage

Bartlett stepped off the train into the arms of Joseph and a long, lingering, loving kiss ensued which lasted until at least three news pictures were taken. One thing can be said for the kiss. It was far more poignant and true than the one Joseph as Judas is to give H. B. Warner as the Christ in “ King of Kings.” ;

Mrs. Schildkraut insisted that she wanted a Spanish home with a patio; Joseph murmured something about their now being “mother and father”; and they finally compromised by leaving the station with Mr. and Mrs. C. B. De Mille. It seems “C. B.” declared a holiday for the Schildkraut reunion.

I hope he is not establishing a bad precedent.

DOUG hopped off the train at Pasadena and handed Mary into a group of friends who had come to welcome the globe-trotting two. Mary was happy and smiling, anxious to commence work on her shop girl story, but Doug, who, with Mary, traveled from England to France to Spain to Italy to Russia in search of an idea, was quite disconsolate, for he returned without one idea.

It had been in Fairbanks’ mind to film a picture of the Crusades with Mary, a long-heralded undertaking, but inability to find the proper backgrounds forced temporary abandonment. Mary is to make three or four pictures and Doug will film several before they have another six months’ vacation.

HERE it is again—the best, or the worst, press agent yarn of the month:

“Isn’t it odd that the two heaviest featured names with ‘Mare Nostrum’ are the names of the two most famous horses of the screen—Rex and Tony?”

Don’t shoot him, he’s really a good kid at heart, with a lot of extra girls depending on him! And besides he

buys my lynch occasionally.

HAL ROACH'S energetic press agent must have run out of gags. Here's the one he tells on the young magician who converts laughs into gold. And, incidentally, it's the great-grandchild, in golf knickers, of the story of the gateman, or the dog, or the wife, or the children, who didn't recognize the star in make-up.

Anyway it might be a snicker.

Hal had just returned from two months in New York. He stopped at the studio cafeteria for breakfast. Assembling his eggs and coffee, he stopped at the cashier's desk only to find he didn't have a cent in his golf knickers.

The cashier, very new and unacquainted with the personnel of the studio, was heartless:

"Who are you?"

"I'm Hal Roach."

"Don't try to kid me. Come across with the money. I've got orders to trust no one."

Then up ankled Charlie Chase and the cashier was introduced to her boss.

HILE on a hunting and yachting trip to Old Mexico, Tom Mix put in at Ensenada for a few days.

They went into the back country each day—packed in—looking for game. They sort of got their signals crossed, for when they went out with their shotguns they saw nothing but deer. And the next day, armed with rifles, they would see nothing but quail. Don't know why they

didn't take both kinds of guns at the same time, but seems they didn't. Anyway they had rotten hunting.

"Got one real kick out of the trip, though," said Tom. 'Met some fella who was a Mexican war hero or somethin'. Seems he was the first guy to get some certain kind o' medal for bravery from the Mexican government. The nation's greatest honor, y' know.

"Pulled it outa his pocket and showed it to me. A great big gold badge all jeweled an' everything.

Who wouldn't wear a slave chain of platinum and diamonds? Bert Lyteli gave this wedding ring to Claire Windsor, just by way of taking the curse off matrimony. Claire will think twice before she takes off this ring

** 'Why don't you wear it, fella?' I asks him.

"* *T'm goin' to soon as I can get a vest to pin it on,' he up an' says.

"Then I takes another look and decides that his pants an' shirt don't look like Fifth Avenue. An' I felt real sorry for him. That big jeweled medal an' no place to put it but in his britches pocket.

"So, as soon as I gets home I sends him a vest—ten of 'em, to be honest—'cause I ain't got much use for vests myself and I did want him to have the proper background fer his joolery."

VALLI swept into the Assistance League cafe in all the orchid and pink glory of an Adrian

costume. Orchid was the shade of her large hat orchid was the tulle of the skirt, ch fell from a tight bodice to ti.. jeweled French heels of her slim slippers.

Huge flowers of yarn in crocus yellow, gentian blue and rose pink gamboled over the skirt, which swept to the floor and brushed, I must admit, bits of paper, small clouds of dust and a few stray matches with it. Save for its beauty, it was really a very unsanitary skirt.

The apparition was escorted by a military and exceedingly debonair William Powell in a gold and white uniform. Together they made a picture that might have emerged from Godey's Lady Book or the newest musical comedy.

But Jack Ford couldn't see it that way. Out of the corner of his eye, that depicter of virile men and steam engines saw the vision approach. Out of the corner of his mouth he yelled:

"Hey, Virginia! Sweep out that other corner before you sit down!"

Tn Wednesday night opening of ' Bardelys the Magnificent' was a night for newly-weds. They walked gaily, confidently and gracefully past the microphone hidden in the tan and gold King's coach at the entrance of the Carthay Circle Theater. They walked splendidly past the admiring crowds, lining the entrance, and past the arc-light, modestly billed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as "the largest in the world."

It was a night of newlyweds. Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor, the very new bride, Eleanor Boardman, in the trailing garments she usually affects, with a wine-colored cape mantling her shoulders; Mr. and Mrs. Lew Cody, Mabel Normandin the white chiffon that befits a bride; Mr. and Mrs. David Mdivani, Mae Murray, a soft blush of pink; and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard, Gertrude Olmsted as a bride of at least some months in black lace and silver shawl.

Strolling in the lobby during the intermission I saw Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix—Victoria Mix wearing the white and gold that becomes her so well; Richard Barthelmess, Jack Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo in the King Vidor's party; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown, John T. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Roy D'Arcy, Dolores Costello, earning her title of "exquisite" in ~ cornflower blue, John Roche, the Lubitsches, the Charles Rays.

I can't name everyone who was there, but it was the first premiere of what is destined to be a busy fall season, and that means no one missed it.

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THE GERMAN YOUTH MOVEMENT

by Emile Chevalier

From *La Reoue de Genève*

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NOTWITHSTANDING his French name, the author is a young German twenty-two years old, a so-called Werkstudent, who paid his way at the university by manual labor during the inflation

period. He has specialized in the history of art.]

One of the tasks that impresses the young men of my generation as especially urgent is to define their relation to the world and to God. No thoughtful person in our present age can honorably evade the duty of taking a positive attitude toward current social and religious questions. It is said that the pre-war period was an epoch of materialism. This means not only that most people before the war enjoyed more material blessings than they do now, but that they themselves had become a material— that is, inert clay in the hands of their age. They remained strangers to each other, like different tools in a tool chest. Capitalist society was a mechanical mixture of property-owners without the organic spiritual unity of a people. Its members were merely contemporaries living side by side.

We cannot disregard the disassociating influence of private property. What we chiefly lack just now is that invisible binder which converts a mere physical aggregation of individuals into an organic unit worthy to be called a civilized community. We give this cohesive force the name of love, which manifests itself in two essential phenomena — the first, individual love realized in marriage; the second, social love realized in the State. Among the men of the pre-war period who felt the lack of this binding social tie most keenly I need only mention Nietzsche, whose writings were not truly understood until much later, and Julius

Langbehn, whose principal work, *Rembrandt als Erzieher*, 'Rembrandt As an Educator,' was read greedily when it appeared in 1891 but was almost immediately forgotten. The young men of that generation, conscious of the lack of any truly vital meaning in their life, called themselves the Epigones. They reconciled themselves to the idea that 'God was dead,' as Nietzsche declared, and merely kept on living. Not being inspired by any spiritual voice, they were at last roused from their lethargy by a tremendous material crisis, the World War, which in 1914 suddenly shattered to fragments their egoist universe.

This faced them with a problem that brooked no postponement, an imperious reality that thrust itself brutally into their individual destinies. They reacted to it instantly and unanimously, recognizing the supreme right of the community to the individual, the absolute duty of the individual to sacrifice his property and life to his country. The August days of 1914 evoked a veritable passion for sacrifice — for sacrifice as an end in itself. One might almost say that our young volunteers craved death. In a single day the world that but yesterday was so narrow and selfish became transformed into something grand and free; the self-centred egoism in which that generation had been immured was suddenly rent asunder at the magic touch of a great inspirational idea.

When we recall the ideals and the personalities to whom the sympathy of those who remained at home went out during the war, we realize what

a significant change of attitude that event produced. In the first blush of the conflict, the nation's idealism turned toward the individual, the triumphant commander, the hero, whom victory and glory had elected for universal admiration. But as the war went on, individual glory faded, supplanted by the ideal of the nation as a whole. A concept to which we were utter strangers when the war broke out later took complete possession of us: it was that of the common soldier, der Feldgrau, symbolizing the army in the trenches. Thus was developed our first vivid idea of the people as an entity.

To-day we no longer pay honor to individuals, but to all the men who fought — in Germany, 'to our war victims,' in France, 'to the Unknown Soldier.' Such a notion did not exist in 1914. The reason for this change is that the man of education and culture when he first entered active service discovered with a sort of shock that the man of the common people who marched shoulder to shoulder with him and shared the trenches with him was his comrade and friend — a man. He saw that outside the little circle of individuals to which he belonged by the chance of birth there was a whole nation, his nation, which he had never recognized before. At length common suffering and common misery welded all classes, superior and inferior, into the 'sacred union of the trenches'; and for many this was the greatest experience of the war.

As the war went on and became immobilized on a battle-line far be-

yond the borders of the Fatherland, men doomed to solitude and exile in an enemy country, and to the long watches of the trenches, began to ask themselves such questions as these: 'Why are we here? What will happen when we are no longer here?'

In this way an army which at the outset had been a machine in the hands of the War Lord became the people in arms. The idea of the Fatherland dominated everything. The mind was never free from that thought. The war for the Emperor and the Empire became the war for the Fatherland and the people. This carried with it eventually consciousness of being a single people whose sufferings were common sufferings.

Thus it happened that the young men of the rising generation were irresistibly forced to feel the living reality of the Fatherland, which prior to 1914 had been only an abstract notion, a word bandied in patriotic celebrations. Their pre-war apathy was replaced by a powerful emotion. That was the distinctive feature of this period.

Then came the end. The young men who returned from the front in 1918 found a world entirely different from the one that they had left four years before. Those who had fought for the Fatherland throughout that period now had to fight a new battle — the battle to recover their country. On their return they met a new generation of young men growing up, young men already schooled in the serious problems of life. These boys just

attaining manhood felt intensely, and naturally with the exaggeration to be expected from youthful enthusiasts, the spirit of protest against the impiety and materialism of the world that only a few rare individuals had felt before the war. As a result their attitude was more negative than positive. They instinctively, even though oftentimes in misguided ways, combated everything in the old régime that seemed to them moribund, ugly, unworthy of humanity. But they had nothing to set up in its place. There was practically nothing in the old civilization they could utilize. And for a moment they had an impulse to destroy, root and branch, the little that remained. They wanted to reconstruct life from the foundation. In reading what was written at that time one is struck by the fanaticism with which young men preached anarchy, and indeed chaos.

Nevertheless, a definite task thrust itself upon them — to create new values. In their campaign of protest against rigid capitalism and brutal egoism they began to preach the notion of Eros — of love for one's fellow men, for the universe, for God.

I purposely avoid applying the word renaissance to the idea of re-creating the nation that seized upon young Germany just after the war. That word immediately evokes the idea of antiquity. Nothing could be more alien to the contemporary spirit of Germany than the spirit of antiquity. Whatever words we use to express that contrast, between the Gothic and the Classic of Worringer, the Faustian

and the antique of Spengler, the Germanic and the Latin of Nietzsche, we in each instance try to express the distinction between the ever-becoming and the ever-being — between the dynamic and the static concept of society. Now the disposition of the young Germans of my generation is to derive the character of the new men of our day from the character of the nation. It is significant that we are alienated from, and even hostile to, the generation of our fathers. There is abundant evidence of this in our current drama, which so generally depicts the tragic conflict between father and son. Notwithstanding this, however, we are constantly seeking strength and inspiration from all the generations that preceded the one immediately ahead of us.

Two of these older epochs have had a preponderant influence — the Thirty Years' War, and the age of romanticism. At both those periods in our history the people, the unanimous masses, occupied the front of the stage with their struggles and with their poetry; for no age in German history except our own has had so keen an appreciation as had the romantic period of the mysterious influence of popular poetry.

Let me add here that the young men of to-day have conceived an extraordinary enthusiasm for pedestrian tours. These are not regarded as a recreation, but rather as an expression of the more intimate emotions of the individual. This is indicated by the name these traveling students take — Wandervigel, 'Birds of Passage.' The motives that

impel them to make these trips are various. First of all, naturally, is the desire to know better the Fatherland that has become so dear to them. But actually these tramping-tours have no explicit object; they are a sort of automatic reaction, an expression of a fundamental dynamic conception of the world. The young German of to-day would have to go somewhere even if his path took him across a desert. His object and destination are immaterial. He is driven on by a strange restlessness within him. These peregrinations are accompanied by old popular songs full of the melancholy wisdom of experience, by soldiers' songs, sad or frivolous, by the very songs in many instances that were sung by the wandering troopers of the Thirty Years' War. The walkers are drawn on and on by the strange longing that they express figuratively as 'the quest of the blue flower' — a romantic symbol for the attraction that distant things exercise upon so many of us. This undefinable state of mind, echoed in the vague and endlessly varying cadences of popular song, seems to the Wandervigel the very essence of the German soul; they think it symbolizes life, which is an eternal arriving and departing.

The only notion besides those of Chaos and Eros that we have borrowed from the Greek is that of rhythm, of eternal movement. In its religious aspect it is direct and mystical union with God; in its social aspect it is harmonizing ourselves with the great undertones of national life. Musical figures seem to me the only ones that even approximately express

this unconscious sentiment.

So a great social-spiritual awakening has come in Germany, after a period when 'God was dead.' This impulse to transcend the narrow cell of the individual, to surrender one's self to supra-individual forces, is essentially religious. Its metaphysical self-sacrifice to society has no connection with political and economic socialism. The characteristic feature of religion is worship of a mysterious power that we cannot rationally conceive. We are all conscious of a romantic craving for mystery. We feel an impulse to consider the physical world merely a symbol aiding us to understand something greater that lies behind it. This is what lifts us above the materialism of the pre-war generation. But this instinctive impulse, which drives us to seek new points of view, interferes with wholesomé reflection. Our metaphysical trend creates myths and encourages to excess the imagination. It has the dangerous effect of substituting confused and fantastical notions for clear, experiential facts.

For example, it is most disturbing to observe to what an extent the war was itself transformed into a myth as soon as it was over. The terrible became sublime. In the same way the social question became a social myth. We dreamed of creating a State where our people would be fully emancipated from the narrowness of their egoistic life and would live in an atmosphere of grandeur and freedom; and this vision of the future made us forget the practical tasks of the present. It is characteristic that in Germany a

young generation, intensely alive to its duty of establishing social and human relations on a new basis, thinks it can dispense with politics. For most of the men of my age are nonpolitical. They are so absorbed in their ideals that they would reconstruct the world by building the roof before they have laid the foundations.

Unquestionably the young men of my generation have done great service to German culture by reviving our old popular songs and ancient folklore, our bygone dances and games, and our early customs. But they are still far from having accomplished their great task of creating a new Fatherland. None the less, they have prepared the soil. Certain groups that have not started out from complete chaos, but have applied themselves methodically to building upon tried and tested foundations, have been more successful. For example, the young Catholics have a society, the Quickborn, that employs in this reconstruction the inexhaustible material supplied by the Catholic Church. In a word, the new Youth Movement in Germany is a single movement only in so far as it is inspired by one idea—the idea of substituting something different and better for what we had before the war. As to the ways and means of doing this, there are innumerable divergencies of view.

As a matter of fact, moreover, a new Youth Movement has existed in Germany for twenty years, and it has been a force to be reckoned with for perhaps a dozen years. It produced during the war young officers like

Walter Flex, who wrote the book, *Wanderer zwischen beiden Welten* — 'Voyager between Two Worlds.' As to these 'voyages,' we should bear in mind that it takes courage as well as enthusiasm to start out without destination or money, without knowing whether one will pass the night in a farmhouse or under the open sky, or whether the comrade with whom he may fall in will be a lord or a valet; to have for one's only guide desire to find God and the world. Many of those who have joined this movement have been simply ordinary vagabonds, but the vast majority have been serious-minded idealists. It is certainly a new and a vigorous life that takes this way to express itself, and it is building up in Germany a new type of robust and virile young men.

The youth of Germany are also trying to work out a new form of society by organized effort. They have formed groups and federations where every individual obligates himself to assist his neighbor, where the hardships and burdens of life are to be borne in common. Some of these groups are inclined to consider all private property as defrauded from the community. They even go to the extreme of asserting that our very personalities are not truly our own, but that the community has first claim to them; that the young man has no right to devote his strength and his faculties to the gratification of his own tastes, but that he is under a moral obligation to place himself entirely at the service of his fellow men. They argue that two million of our brothers laid down their lives for the rest of us during the war, and that it is

incumbent upon the present generation to pay that debt; that the men of our age are beginning life, not the happy heirs of the ages, but burdened debtors of the past.

Just now the number of such groups and societies is legion. The efficiency of the movement is probably weakened by this dispersion. All these federations are striving to work out, each for itself, a practical solution for what they conceive to be the fundamental problem of life. The members of all of them are filled with the common conviction that the only riches worth seeking are the riches of the heart and mind; that it serves a man nothing to gain the whole world if he loses his own soul. It is this intense desire to lay up riches within himself that makes so many ~ of them hate what they call 'intellectual capitalism' — the dead and barren knowledge that isolates itself from the vital thought and enthusiasm of the new age. Education means for these young people, not acquiring facts, but ripening in wisdom. The movement can at least be credited with having taught the German students of to-day that the true value of instruction lies not in its quantity but in its assimilation. This conviction has already influenced our school curriculum, which is rapidly being re-formed with the idea of turning out men instead of savants.

In order to get into closer contact with real life, the young men of Germany seek the most elementary experiences. They go out into the country to learn from actual association with peasants and laborers the atti-

tudes and fundamental notions that the city man, especially the educated city man, has never learned. They wish to feel, as part of the real rhythm of existence, morning, noon, and night; to experience with their full force the changing moods of nature; to learn what it is to be hungry and thirsty, to suffer from heat and cold —in a word, to know intimately as a part of their own experience all the phases of the dream of existence. It is only thus, they say, that one can become a complete man. There is something of the simplicity and the grandeur of the first Franciscan fathers in this conception — the same renunciation of worldly wealth, the same stress upon the value of immaterial treasures, the same humble garb, the same passion to get closer to God and His creation. I may add that the German Youth Movement demands of its adherents total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco.

The numerous organizations belonging to this movement vary radically in their form and methods. Experience proves that the more durable are those with the strongest central government and the strictest interior discipline — that is to say, those that are ablest led. No matter how devoted the members may be to the society itself, permanence generally depends upon one or two powerful leaders. Such leadership does not contradict the principles of these organizations; in fact, loyalty to a chosen leader is part of the brotherhood spirit.

So our Wandervégel, with their leaders and companions forming united

troops, go about the country learning to know the Fatherland, seeking new experiences, trying to live of their own motion and upon their own responsibility a true, realistic, complete life.

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